

The Sydney Morning Herald.

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VOL. XXII.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1847.

No. 3098

CASE TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

{ For one inch and under 3s., and 1s. for every additional inch, for each insertion.



PARRAMATTA STEAMERS.

THE first-class steam-packets

EMU and COMET,

Daily, at the following hours:

To Parramatta—At 9 a.m., 12 (noon), and 4 p.m.

From Parramatta—At 8 and 11 a.m., and 4 p.m.

From Sydney, at 9 a.m., returning at 4 p.m.

CABIN, 2s.; STEERAGE, 1s.

Kellick's Wharf, 18th December. 6348

" CORONIA."

STEAM TO THE HUNTER,

REDUCTION IN FREIGHT,

WOOL to PER BALE.

THE CORONIA, a steamer, has resumed the Hunter River trade, and will continue to leave from the Circular Wharf every Monday and Thursday, at eight o'clock in the evening, returning from Morpeth every Wednesday and Saturday, at seven o'clock in the morning.

Fares—2s. 6d.

Steerage—4s.

FOR WOLLONGONG,

THE Weekly Pac et

Schooner BARD'S LEGACY,

will sail from the Wharf, for the above place, THIS DAY, at 5 p.m.

For freight or passage apply to the Master on board, or to J. STILWELL, Agent.

6348

FOR MOR-TOR BAY.

THE fine fast-sailing new

schooner EBENEZER,

105 tons, S. D. Morris, com-

mander, is now laid up as a regular packet,

and will sail on the 25th instant positively.

For freight or passage apply on board, at Whittle's Wharf, Bathurst-street; or to

J. H. HANSON,

6348

FOR MORETON BAY.

THE SCHOONER VIXEN,

45 tons, register, Thomas

Stevens, master, now loading

at the Circular Wharf. For freight or pas-

sage apply to the master, on board; or to

W. BRASNL,

Pitt-street.

All goods will be landed and stored at Kangaroo Point, Moreton Bay, for one-

month, free of all charge.

6246

FOR EDEN, TWOFOLD BAY,

TO SAIL ON TUESDAY, 27TH INSTANT.

THE FINE BARQUE

SUNFLOWER,

341 tons, Captain Forrester.

For freight or passage apply to

J. B. METCALFE.

6348

FOR MELBOURNE.

THE B.R.I.G. CHRISTINA

will sail for the above port

with her usual despatch.

For freight or passage apply to the Captain, on board, at the F.I.R. Company's Wharf; or at the office of the under-taxed.

A Chief Officer wanted for this vessel, apply on board.

JOHN SMITH, Sussex-street.

6348

FOR MELBOURNE DIRECT,

THE FINE CLIPPER

THOMAS LORD,

Captain Jones, sails on Mon-

day. For freight or passage early application

is necessary.

SHEPPARD AND ALGER,

Packet Office, 468, George-street.

FOR HOBART TOWN,

THE Packet Brig

LOUISA,

W. N. Milton, commander,

will have quick despatch.

For freight or passage apply on board, at the Hobart Town Packet Wharf, (late Queen's Wharf); or to

JOHN MACNAMARA,

Queen-street.

April 20.

FOR LAUNCESTON DIRECT,

THE CLIPPER RAVEN

170 tons, Captain William Bell,

in a few days, and will be despatched on the 29th instant. The vessel is intended as a regular trader; has been fitted up in a super-

ior manner, beds, bedding, linen, &c., being supplied; and is in every respect equal to the steamers.

For freight or passage apply to Captain

BELL, Miller's Point Wharf; or to

SMITH AND CAMPBELL,

Campbell's Wharf, 20th April.

6348

FOR LAUNCESTON.

THE PACKET BRIG

WILLIAM

will not clear at the Custom

House until SATURDAY,

the 24th instant.

For light freight or passage apply on

board, to

JOHN THOM.

6348

FO ADLAIDE DIRECT,

THE NOTED CLIPPER

PHANTOM,

H. T. Fox, master, hourly

expected, having much of her

cargo engaged, will sail with her usual despatch.

For freight or passage apply to

SHEPPARD AND ALGER,

Packet Office, 468, George-street.

FOR AUCKLAND DIRECT,

TO FOLLOW THE "JOHN BULL."

THE well known Brig

EMMA,

135 tons, Captain Osborne

daily expected, will have

quick despatch, apply to

SHEPPARD AND ALGER,

Packet Office, 468, George-street.

FOR PORT NICHOLSON DIRECT.

THE new first-class

Brig

WILLIAM HILL,

100 tons, Captain George

Browning, having nearly the whole of her

freight engaged, will meet with immediate

despatch.

For further particulars apply on

board, to

E. S. HILL,

209, Pitt-street.

6348

FOR PORT NICHOLSON,

THE fine fast-sailing

brig

STAR OF CHINA,

122 tons, John Wood, master,

will sail for the above port on Monday, the 29th instant.

For freight or passage apply on

board, at the Commercial Wharf; or to

JOHN GIBLETT,

King-street, Commercial Wharf,

6348

FOR PORT NICHOLSON DIRECT.

FOR PASSENGERS ONLY.

THE well-known schooner

COMET,

Captain Cork, under engagement to sail on Wednesday, the 28th instant.

J. B. METCALFE.

April 22.

FOR VALPARAISO DIRECT.

THE FINE SHIP

ALEXANDER,

E. Philpott, Commander, 523

tons, will sail for the above port in a few days, and has very superior accom-

modation for passengers.

For freight or passage apply to the CAPTAIN

on board, Moore's Wharf; or to

THACKER AND CO.

Fort-street.

20th April.

FOR LONDON DIRECT.

THE first-class fast-sailing

ship

FIFER,

473 tons, register, William

Punchard, Commander. This vessel has a

considerable portion of her cargo engaged,

and will meet with great despatch.

For freight or passage apply to Captain

GILCHRIST AND ALEXANDER;

Or to

FLOWER, SALTING, AND CO.

Sydney, April 19.

FOR LONDON.

To SAIL ON THE 8TH MAY,

THE first-class fast-sailing

ship

EMMA EUENIA,

383 tons register, Alfred Beech,

commander.

For freight or passage apply to the CAPTAIN

on board; to

THACKER AND CO.

6348

FOR LONDON DIRECT.

THE first-class fast-sailing

ship

ALICE,

473 tons, register, William

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

April 22.—*Union*, barque, 327 tons, Captain Todd, from Launceston the 14th instant. Passengers—Messrs Charles Barnescot, and James Blackman.

April 22.—*Christina*, brig, 120 tons, Captain Saunders, from Port Phillip the 18th instant. Passengers—Mr. Slack, Miss Corcoran, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Thomson.

April 22.—*Kinseer*, barque, 345 tons, Captain Heward, from Port Phillip the 16th instant, in ballast.

April 22.—*Sunflower*, barque, 341 tons, Captain Forrester, from Auckland the 11th instant, in ballast. Passengers—Mrs. Forrester, Mr. Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. James Pike, and Mr. A. Murray.

DEPARTURES.

April 22.—*Wilkes*, Hyde, barque, 535 tons, Captain Steward, for London. Passengers—Mrs. Drury and daughter, Mrs. Wilson and son, Miss Thomas, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Daniels, and Mr. Thomas.

April 22.—*Womander*, barque, 507 tons, Captain Bainbridge, for Tasmania, in ballast.

April 22.—*Mayflower*, American barque, 260 tons, Captain Gifford, for the South Sea Fishery.

April 22.—*Minchin*, brig, 106 tons, Captain Cooney, for Auckland. Passengers—Mr. John Taylor, Mr. C. Mans, Mr. J. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. G. Creig and three children, Miss Eliza Hodge.

CLEARANCE.

April 22.—*Souvenir*, schooner, 64 tons, Captain Jennings, for Melbourne. Passengers—Mr. Round, Mr. Saville, and Mr. Reid.

COASTERS INWARDS.

April 22.—*Calcutta*, 21, M. Miles from Broome, with 27 tons potatoes; *Jane Ann*, 16, Wyburn, from Broome, with 18 tons potatoes, 21 bushels wheat.

COASTER OUTWARDS.

April 22.—*Elie*, 33, King, for Newcastle, in ballast.

IMPORTS.

April 22.—*Union*, barque, 326 tons, Captain Todd, from Launceston: 266 deals, M. Todd; 4 bags wheat, Lyall, Scott & Co.; 200 bags wheat, H. S. Williams; 1,224 bags flour, H. C. Gobell; 2,324 bags wheat, 164 bags flour, Donaldson and Co.; 100 cases apples, J. W. Gosling; 3 bags hops; cedar, W. Cox; 2 baskets apples, E. H. Pollard; 2 cases apples—Turner; 1 barrel fruit, Captain Innes; 2140 bags wheat, Order.

April 22.—*Christina*, brig, 126 tons, Captain Saunders, from Port Phillip: 1 barrel wool, R. Campbell; terrier; 14 bags wool, Flower, Salting, and Co.; 47 bags wool, T. Barker; 32 bags wool, Boyd and Co.; 300 sheepskins, J. B. Slack.

EXPORTS.

April 22.—*Souvenir*, schooner, 64 tons, Captain Jennings, for Port Phillip: 6 cases refined sugar, 4 hogsheads molasses, 1 cask sugar, 2 barrels and 4 cases salmon, 4 barrels twine, 1 box anatto, G. Thorpe; 10 kegs tobacco, 1 cask cheese, E. sugar, R. Campbell; terrier; 14 bags wool, E. Cohen and Co.; 1 case twine; 3 coir hawsers, 2 tubes sugar-candy, 2 bags door mats, 3 packages clothes brushes, 23 bags sugar, 7 cases yellow metal, 1 cask nails, 28 coils coir rope, 3 bundles line, R. Towns.

SHIP'S MAILES.

Mails will be closed at the Post Office, as follows:—

For MELBOURNE.—By the *Diana*, this evening, at 6.

For LAUNCESTON.—By the *William*, tomorrow evening, at 6.

For PORT NICHOLSON.—By the *Frolic*, tomorrow evening, at 6.

For THE CAMP OF GOOD HOPE via LAUNCESTON.—By the *Maid of Cashmere*, to-morrow evening, at 6.

For ENGLAND via VALPARAISO.—By the *Alexander*, on Monday evening, at 6.

AUCKLAND.

ARRIVALS.—March 30, Robert Pulsford, American ship, from Sydney. April 1, *Louise Campbell*, brig, Captain Darby, from the Downs the 4th December. Passengers—Mr. and Mrs. Brown and son, Dr. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Messrs. Caskill, Farmer, Noble, and Gibson. 6 cases, 1 barrel, 61 tons, Bowden, from Wellington, and East Coast. Passengers—Captain Salmon and Mr. Ellis. 7. *Nelson*, brig, from Wellington.

DEPARTURES.—April 5. Robert Pulsford, American ship, Captain Caldwell, for the Fejeees and Manila, with oil, rice, &c. Passengers—Messrs. Dale and Heim.

The new brig *William Hill* will proceed on her maiden trip to Port Nicholson early in the ensuing month, and by the time she returns to this port, it is expected her cabin fittings will be completed.

The steamer *Phœnix* again proceeded to the wreck of the *Mary May* early yesterday morning, and every method Captain Wassman could think of for parting the vessel from her chains, ought this sort of immigration to be encouraged? That is to say, ought it to be encouraged as a *de ruder rassor*, failing an adequate supply of labour from the United Kingdom?

We should say, certainly not at the expense of the Land Fund. That fund is the property of the British empire, and should be employed in the service of the colony in such modes only as may undoubtedly consist with the interests of the empire. These Islanders do not stand on an equal footing, as regards the Land Fund, even with the Indian Coolies; the Coolies being British subjects, and the others aliens.

It would be possible to justify the nation, or even to our own consciences, the application of any part of the territorial revenue to the introduction amongst us of pagan aliens, whilst so many of our own countrymen, in Great Britain and Ireland, are in a state of starvation for want of employment, we are certainly unable to discern.

But ought it to be allowed as an enterprise conducted at the expense of private individuals? We think this must be answered in general terms: it may be allowed so long as it shall not be prejudicial to the interests of the community. It may be the means of injuring the community in two ways—by overwhelming us with numbers, or by tainting our race.

What may be the population of the eighteen islands composing the New Hebrides group, we know not; but the aggregate population of the nineteen groups comprehended in the name of Polynesia, has been supposed to be about a million and a half. All calculations of this kind, however, as Mr. McCulloch observes, "are merely conjectural, as there are few or no data."

It is sufficient to know, from the concurrent testimony of travellers, that these vast insular regions literally swarm with human beings. There would be no difficulty, therefore, so far as depends on the abundance of materials, in swamping our population. And if, as we are informed, these people can be brought hither at the trifling expense of £5 a head, there would be no very great difficulty even in a pecuniary point of view. A sum

THE Sydney Morning Herald.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1847

Sword to no master, of no sect am I.

IMMIGRATION FROM POLYNESIA.

The experiment of Mr. B. Boyne, in introducing into the colony a number of the New Hebrides natives, with the view chiefly of trying their fitness for pastoral employments, suggests a variety of considerations.

In the first place, the mere fact of our graziers having recourse to such experiments ought to impress upon the Government the necessity of their doing all in their power to revive British immigration.

The colonists would never think of importing foreigners, much less savages and heathens, if their demands for labour could be adequately supplied from their own countrymen. They can have no wish to people their sheepwalks with strange races. The bare idea of doing so is repugnant to all their national predilections. Much rather would they see Australia replenished and subdued by the unmixed, undeteriorated progeny of their own Anglo-Saxon fathers.

Now should the duty of providing for their religious instruction be overlooked, although it is easier to speak of the *decidableness* of their being Christianized than to point out the practical means of effecting it. The extreme cheapness of the terms on which it appears their services can be commanded, would enable their employers to afford a liberal outlay in their moral culture.

Such are the cursory reflections which this curious experiment has suggested to our minds. We shall watch its progress, so far as we may have the opportunity of doing so, not with the wish that it may fail, but rather with the wish that a renewal of immigration from our good old father-land may soon render its further prosecution unnecessary.

equal to one year's dividends of our Banks would introduce 40,000 of them, or as many as one-half of the entire male adult population of the colony. A sum equal to the capital of one of our Banks would introduce 180,000, about as many as all the men, women, and children enumerated in our census of last year. It would therefore be the duty of the legislature to interfere, were the cheapness of immigration from this source to cause an excessive resort to it. The utmost that could be safely tolerated would be the introduction of as many persons as should just suffice to ward off the evils of a great dearth of labour, and exorbitant wages.

It would be essential too, in the event of considerable numbers being brought over, that the males should be accompanied by a due proportion of their countrywomen. Otherwise, we should be exposed to the danger of an admixture of races. On this delicate part of the subject we need not enlarge.

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ABSTRACT OF SALES BY AUCTION, THIS DAY.

Mr. R. Fawcett.—At his Rooms, at half-past 10 o'clock, Haberdashery, Ships, Drapers, Plates, and Tweeds.

Mr. J. G. Conroy.—At his Rooms, at 11 o'clock, Sundries; at 12 o'clock, Books.

Mr. S. Lyons.—At his Mart, 11 o'clock, Wines, Tobacco, Salt, Saltpetre; at 12 o'clock, a Daguerréotype Apparatus, with Plates, Frames, &c.

Mr. W. G. Moore.—At his Rooms, at 7 o'clock this evening, Books.

COUNTRY SALE.

Mr. P. Duglass.—At the Salutation Inn, Goubrun, April 30, Horse Stock.

NEW MAGISTRATE.—William Dumaresq, Esq., of St. Aubin's, Scorne; and Thomas Kerr, Esq., of Muswellbrook; were yesterday sworn in as Magistrates of the Territory, in the usual form, before the three Judges.

Mr. Fawcett, moreover, by notice, for the issue of an execution herein, notwithstanding a statement with the plaintiff, upon the ground that such settlement had been fraudulently made for the purpose of depriving the plaintiff's attorney of his costs. It was proved by affidavit that a notice not to settle with the plaintiff had been served upon the defendant's attorney, and that an attempt had been made to serve it on the defendant himself, although without success; it was apparently a matter which had been settled by the payment to the plaintiff of a sum of £10 only, £10 of which was given in satisfaction of the judgment which he had obtained, and the remaining £5 for costs. It was contended, therefore, that the settlement having been made for the evident purpose of defrauding the attorney of costs, the Court must, according to the cases then quoted, allow the attorney to proceed to execution for his own benefit.

Mr. Wixson, for the defendant, stated that his affidavit would establish the fact, that no notice ever reached the defendant or her attorney until after the settlement, and under such circumstances, the cases cited on the other side would not apply. In the case of Mr. E. Smith, 4. B. and A., where satisfaction was entered on the roll; the Court held that there was no end of the action. The claim was based on the satisfaction being entered on the roll, and the case was here. He then cited several other cases, which he said were equally in point. The plaintiff's case was satisfied, and the power of the Court was at an end. He then said that there was no proof of collusion. In the present case the plaintiff himself applied to the defendant, desiring to settle the matter, and thereupon the money was paid to the plaintiff, who thereupon executed a receipt, after which satisfaction was executed and collusion was distinctly and strongly denied.

Mr. Fawcett having replied, The Court entertained no doubt but that the plaintiff's conduct was fraudulent; for he not only took the £10 which belonged to him, but the £5 which did not belong to him; with respect to the conduct of the defendant, the Court was of the opinion that she also had been fraudulently satisfied, for she gave the £10 which the plaintiff was entitled to, to the defendant's attorney, and the £5 to her own attorney. The plaintiff's conduct was not so much to be blamed as the defendant's, as the bad qualities of both would be seen in the case. In the case of Mr. E. Smith, 4. B. and A., where satisfaction was entered on the roll, the Court held that there was no end of the action. The claim was based on the satisfaction being entered on the roll, and the case was here. He then cited several other cases, which he said were equally in point. The plaintiff's case was satisfied, and the power of the Court was at an end. He then said that there was no proof of collusion. In the present case the plaintiff himself applied to the defendant, desiring to settle the matter, and thereupon the money was paid to the plaintiff, who thereupon executed a receipt, after which satisfaction was executed and collusion was distinctly and strongly denied.

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with a steam shriek and a bound, were left behind. On—long high embankments—down with the engine, between signal-post stations, with their nest, warning-signs, and high signal-poles, and raised platforms. On—on! Miles after miles flew by. The steam monster seemed instinct with life. It bounded like a mad thing on the rails; the couplings of the tender cracked and strained; the glare from the furnace and the lighter gleam from our engine—like a lamp, the like lamp—was miles along the green sides of cuttings; the red hot cinders from the chimney went sailing aloft into the air; and although not a breath of wind was stirring, a hurricane, cold and piercing, such as the eye could hardly withstand, appeared to be tearing by us back into the lonesome night.

As far as we went, we were going at a great but not unprecedented speed, too great with railway travelling to feel nervous. I knew the line was clear, and the night was quite bright enough for us to perceive any signal half-a-mile off.

Meanwhile, Westhorpe stood fidgeting away with the engine, urging backwards and forwards the handles of the levers as they worked with the mechanism, as though he would in cease their speed. He was never still for a moment, but continually shifting and shifting with his feet. The stoker, least against the rails, clutching them, as it struck me, in an alarmed anxious manner. I could observe all this by the light of a very large and brilliant lamp, which hung on a hook close to the gauge which tells the height of the water in the boiler.

On, on, on! mile after mile and station after station! On! dark clumps of trees and the light of village and small factory houses spread across the long, dark expanse of wild, open country! We might be already from twenty-five to thirty miles on our journey.

"Tartarus goes bravely," said I, making an effort to speak, and shouting the words into Westhorpe's ear.

The stoker came up close to us, and listened for the reply.

The engine-driver looked quickly from one to the other, his eye glared like a wild hawk's, and he suddenly exclaimed to his half-labourer:

"Coke, Jeffries, coke! More steam, more steam!—the gentleman must have more steam! Never mind life!—steam—steam!"

I was startled by the burst, so went Jeffries. As I found the stoker was called. He hesitated.

"Coke—coca!" shouted Westhorpe. "By the hounds above us, that's your duty, or you go on the rails!"

The man still lingered with the spade in his hand. Westhorpe kicked open the furnace door. I heard the roar of the fierce fire above the howl of what appeared to be the tornado we were steaming.

I interposed.

"I think we're getting over the ground very well, I'm afraid."

Jeffries made a motion, as much as to say, "There, you see!"

"You don't want to go quicker?" said Westhorpe, speaking low and very fast.

I shook my head.

"Well, I do!" roared the excited man.

"Coke, Jeffries, coke!"

And he struck the stoker a violent blow with his clenched fist. For a moment I stood stupefied. I would have given all the world to be safe and sound on the dreariest spot of the dreary coast, but we were passing.

A friend, without a word, took up the spade, and in a half-smothered voice said, "Read the label on the box!" By its glare, as he stooped, I saw that, under its mask of steam, his face was deadly pale.

And still on, on! The engine appeared to fly. The quarter-mile stones seemed to shoot by as quickly as did the telegraph poles a quarter of an hour ago, and the sway was terrible.

"Music!" shouted Westhorpe. "music! We'll have music! Here's my boiling-water organ!"

And as he spoke, he set on the steam-whistle; its scream went through and through my brain. The stoker looked at me. I saw he was trying to catch my eye, and the expression of his face was one of consternation and horror. All at once the horrible whistle ceased.

"It might give warning," Westhorpe muttered; "it's wasting the steam."

I shuddered. Suddenly the driver turned from the engine, and a spitting to the tender gazed long and anxiously back. Jeffries took advantage of the motion, and clutched me by the arm.

"Hush!" he said, breathlessly.

"What is the master with the man?" I said.

"Hush! He is mad. I thought so these two days."

Mad! I felt the cold sweat break out at every pore. A mile a minute with a mad driver! My flesh crept, and I got sick and faint.

"We must master him between us," gasped Jeffries.

"We can," I said; "it is our only chance."

The words were hardly uttered ere Westhorpe sprang—bound round.

"I heard you!" he shouted. "I did! Treachery, treachery!—two to one! But come, come, come!"

There was a moment's pause: not one of the three stirred. Then I saw Jeffries' hand gliding towards a heavy hammer which lay close to him. The mania, for such as he was, gleamed from eye to the other. I could not fix his eye, but felt that he watched every movement. I gasped for breath. Jeffries' hand was close to the hammer, when, with a yell which rang high into the air amid the thunder of our onward pass, Westhorpe flung himself upon the stoker. He had observed his manœuvre to gain possession of the hammer.

"You would, would you?" the madman growled out between his clenched teeth.—"that's all!" He flung his arms around the wretched man, who clutched convulsively at any object within his grasp.

"Save me!" he screamed; "save me, for dear God's sake!"

But I was paralysed. With one super-human effort Westhorpe tore the wrench from his crouching position, and with limb which appeared to work and swell with its muscles, to the man who lay like a child in his arms, and shouted a hoarse, ringing laugh.

"Help! Help!" screamed Jeffries; "oh! oh! my wife at home!"

These were his last words.

"Then go to him!" shrieked Westhorpe, and with another demoniac laugh, he heaved the struggling victim high into the air, and I heard the dull, dead, piteous shriek with which he was dashed to pieces on the stone ground.

Westhorpe turned suddenly round. "Mad!" he shouted at the full pitch of his voice.—"mad!—I believe you!—I am!—mad!—mad!—I am!—I am!—I am!—mad!—mad!"

He clenched my collar, and drew me to him—I was a mere child in his arms.

"Mad!" he repeated, "yes!—I tried long to keep it down—oh, I fought with it—wrote it off to him! And I said to myself, no, I am not mad, I know it was mad!—I believe you!—I am!—I am!—feels it now!—I know the pleasure of it! God! who would be sane!—ha! ha! if he knew what a life a madman's is!"

He unloosed his grasp of me, and I shrank into a corner of the space before the boiler, almost unable to articulate. The paroxysm appeared to pass away for the moment, and he stood muttering. Then catching up the spade he set himself to trim the fire anew. A thrill of horror again passed through me; for we were at home, in which all the scenes I had ever travelled were child's play. I tried to compose myself to my fate. If the engine did not leap off the rails, it was evident that, sooner or later, we must arrive at the obstruction which would, as with one mighty blow, smite us into dust for ever.

Again he turned round to me, and drawing me towards him, looked into my face. The maniac's eyes were master; he snatched himself by a side—no, I could see at me. O that I was, bloodshot eyes!—that ghastly, working, twinkling visage! At length he spoke—slowly, very calmly.

"We are now going faster than ever mortal man travelled since the world was a world."

He paused, and the frightful swaying of the engine, and the lightning-like play of the rattling mechanism, fearfully attested his words.

"How fast do you think we are going?" inquired the maniac, still speaking with the greatest apparent calm. "With one bound he was on his feet, grasping me, a struggling mass, in his arms.

"There, go after Jeffries!" he roared.

My muscles involuntarily contracted, I seemed to shrink into a ball, as I felt by the winding up, as it were, of the muscular power of his arms, that he was almost in the act of flinging me down the high embankment we were shooting across the green sides of cuttings; the red hot cinders from the chimney went sailing aloft into the air; and although not a breath of wind was stirring, a hurricane, cold and piercing, such as the eye could hardly withstand, appeared to be tearing by us back into the lonesome night.

As far as we went, we were going at a great but not unprecedented speed, too great with railway travelling to feel nervous. I knew the line was clear, and the night was quite bright enough for us to perceive any signal half-a-mile off.

Meanwhile, Westhorpe stood fidgeting away with the engine, urging backwards and forwards the handles of the levers as they worked with the mechanism, as though he would in cease their speed. He was never still for a moment, but continually shifting and shifting with his feet.

The stoker, least against the rails, clutching them, as it struck me, in an alarmed anxious manner. I could observe all this by the light of a very large and brilliant lamp, which hung on a hook close to the gauge which tells the height of the water in the boiler.

On, on, on! mile after mile and station after station! On! dark clumps of trees and the light of village and small factory houses spread across the long, dark expanse of wild, open country! We might be already from twenty-five to thirty miles on our journey.

"Tartarus goes bravely," said I, making an effort to speak, and shouting the words into Westhorpe's ear.

The stoker came up close to us, and listened for the reply.

The engine-driver looked quickly from one to the other, his eye glared like a wild hawk's, and he suddenly exclaimed to his half-labourer:

"Coke, Jeffries, coke! More steam, more steam!—the gentleman must have more steam! Never mind life!—steam—steam!"

I was startled by the burst, so went Jeffries. As I found the stoker was called. He hesitated.

"Coke—coca!" shouted Westhorpe. "By the hounds above us, that's your duty, or you go on the rails!"

The man still lingered with the spade in his hand. Westhorpe kicked open the furnace door. I heard the roar of the fierce fire above the howl of what appeared to be the tornado we were steaming.

I interposed.

"I think we're getting over the ground very well, I'm afraid."

Jeffries made a motion, as much as to say, "There, you see!"

"You don't want to go quicker?" said Westhorpe, speaking low and very fast.

I shook my head.

"Well, I do!" roared the excited man.

"Coke, Jeffries, coke!"

And he struck the stoker a violent blow with his clenched fist. For a moment I stood stupefied. I would have given all the world to be safe and sound on the dreariest spot of the dreary coast, but we were passing.

A friend, without a word, took up the spade, and in a half-smothered voice said, "Read the label on the box!" By its glare, as he stooped, I saw that, under its mask of steam, his face was deadly pale.

And still on, on! The engine appeared to fly. The quarter-mile stones seemed to shoot by as quickly as did the telegraph poles a quarter of an hour ago, and the sway was terrible.

"Music!" shouted Westhorpe. "music! We'll have music! Here's my boiling-water organ!"

And as he spoke, he set on the steam-whistle; its scream went through and through my brain. The stoker looked at me. I saw he was trying to catch my eye, and the expression of his face was one of consternation and horror. All at once the horrible whistle ceased.

"It might give warning," Westhorpe muttered; "it's wasting the steam."

I shuddered. Suddenly the driver turned from the engine, and a spitting to the tender gazed long and anxiously back. Jeffries took advantage of the motion, and clutched me by the arm.

"Hush!" he said, breathlessly.

"What is the master with the man?" I said.

"Hush! He is mad. I thought so these two days."

Mad! I felt the cold sweat break out at every pore. A mile a minute with a mad driver! My flesh crept, and I got sick and faint.

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"Mad!" he repeated, "yes!—I tried long to keep it down—oh, I fought with it—wrote it off to him! And I said to myself, no, I am not mad, I know it was mad!—I believe you!—I am!—I am!—feels it now!—I know the pleasure of it! God! who would be sane!—ha! ha! if he knew what a life a madman's is!"

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"I forgive you! Oh—oh. Mary, say these words again!—God bless you, Mary!—I believe you!—I am!—I am!—mad!—mad!—I am!—I am!—I am!—mad!—mad!"

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